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tragedy is revealed in the gleaming eyes and sensual lips of his Bohemian. One feels that she was christened Salome merely because a name was wanted, and the charger and the knife are only accessories added to heighten the effect of his half-savage personage. There is no human interest in the ghastly 'Execution without Judgment.' Such was the one defect in the dazzling genius of Regnault; such is the one gift lacking in the splendid domain of the great colourist.

Of the few completed works left behind by this "wondrous boy that perished in his pride," two, as we have before stated, are lodged in the Luxembourg, there to await the higher immortality of the Louvre. As to the 'Salome,' it is lost to the world. Secluded in a house wherein no person of any delicacy of feeling would ever set foot, the great success and sensation of the *Salon* of 1870 is hidden from all eyes.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

A GLIMPSE AT MODERN ITALIAN ART IN FLORENCE.



At the time of the Michael Angelo *fêtes* in Florence, although many of the studios of the best artists were not then arranged for the favourable reception of visitors, there was opportunity for the study of modern Florentine Art, since several works of merit were exhibited, both in the studios and in the exhibition-rooms of the Society for the Encouragement of Art, in Via Colonna.

In the third story of the Accademia di Belle Arti is the studio of Prof. Luigi Mussini, the able director of the Institute of Fine Arts in Siena, and numbers, as they passed from the halls where the assembled works of the great sculptor were in proud array, mounted the narrow stairs to examine the paintings recently completed by the professor. There were three of them. One was a simple peasant-girl, in the dress worn by those of her class in the neighbourhood of Siena, but whose face is full of nobility of expression. Another, called 'A Summer-Hour,' graceful and skilful as it is in its representation of a young girl reposing in a brook under the shade of trees, is open to the criticism of improbability. Although in the East, among those of tawny skin, a scene like this may be frequent, even Actæon himself, chase though he might, with all his noble hounds, over Europe and America, would hardly succeed, at this epoch, in finding a blonde bathing Diana, or alone, or with her nymphs! The nearest approach to success would be, probably, at sunset, on the shores of the Mediterranean and Adriatic. The third is entitled 'The Last Hours of Nero.' The moment represented is that described by Suetonius, when Nero, knowing that Galba is advancing victoriously, and that the rebellion has triumphed, rose at night and sought for his friends, but finding the gates fastened returned to his sleeping-room, whence, meantime, his slave-guards, devastating every thing, had carried away the coverlids and the golden box of poison. The emperor's despair, the disordered state of the room, the fallen drapery, the overthrown tripod, vases of wine, sceptre and crown, the statue of Augustus seeming to menace him, the golden Victory mockingly holding towards him a wreath of laurel, the throne of gold that he will never occupy again—all are rendered carefully. The very table is copied from an ancient Pompeian one, and the accessories are painted with great faithfulness.

'Boccaccio repeating one of his Stories!' It is a quaint room, frescoed; an immense chimney, containing, not a fire, but a listening youth, in old-time dress, occupies nearly its one side; and at the end of a long dinner-table, upon which are a few glasses, sits Boccaccio, arm upraised, in the full glow of a story told *con amore*! Around the table, and in different parts of the room, are the home-listeners, in most natural attitudes, expressive of laughter and attention. Even a young child, in high-necked tire, has left its playthings on the floor, and with hands clasped together behind, and mouth open, listens eagerly to the mirth-inspiring story-teller, whose face, expressive of wide thought and talent, as well as of a humor hesitating at no coarseness, may well be a faithful representation of the famous Italian romancer.

Such is one of the most impressive paintings remaining in the studio of Cav. Prof. Amos Cassioli at Florence, and, in regarding it, it seems so real that, almost forgetting that it is a representation, we cannot help feeling that spontaneous sympathy which brings a smile to the face, even before one knows what has amused others so intensely. We almost seem to hear Boccaccio's hearty

voice while seeing its effect upon that girl, nearly doubled up with laughter! There are other paintings in the room, perhaps equally meriting observation, but it is useless to deny the generally superior power of the humorous to excite and hold the attention. There is 'Benvenuto Cellini showing the Model of the Perseus to Corsimo;' 'Galleazzo Sforza in the Mansion of Lorenzo di Medici' (a painting that has already received a premium in an Italian exhibition); 'Mary Stuart and Rizzio;' and a portrait-scene of four persons in a garden, the sun shining through the trees, and the dog reposing at their feet; but still we turn back to laugh with the merry home-circle of Boccaccio, and the painting remains like a sunbeam in our minds for long afterwards.

Prof. Cassioli, although little known, perhaps, to Americans, bears a good reputation among Italians as an historical painter of the realistic school. His studio is in the commodious, admirably-arranged new building of the Società Artistica, situated on one of the wide, new avenues of Florence—the Viale Principe Eugenio.

In the same building are the studios of some of the best artists in Florence. The studio of Prof. Luigi Bechi is rendered invitingly artistic by rich tapestries and curiosities; and Signor Vineas, equally rich in arrangement (the head and skin of a lion that died in the zoological gardens adorn the floor), had also more to show of past than present work, at the time of our visit, with the exception of a small painting ordered by Prince Demidoff—a young girl in white, reading Faust.

Signor Tito Conti's rooms are mostly filled with *genre* paintings. His most successful works are of adventure, music, and love. One represents a cavalier of two centuries ago, trying the flint of his short-gun; another is a smoker of the same period, equipped with riding-boots and spurs, while on the table behind him are cards and tankard, awaiting, evidently, the arrival of some jolly companions; again we have a scene of card-playing in a tavern, *mousquetaires* of the Louis XII. period; and now the subject changes to a lady in her boudoir, seated at a piano playing the mandoline, while a tall harp in the corner shows the wide scope of her musical ability; and here is the 'Presentation of a Page to a Lady,' and the boy is so winning that the lady regards him with attention and the complacency of dawning love. These last two tell their story plainly, but the others are surely bits out of some romance that the young-man artist had in his mind, and one cannot help wishing to ask more about their meaning, especially as the paintings show much talent.

How much of reform could be effected by Art, is a question to which one rarely receives a practical answer, nor had I ever witnessed an attempt at one until we entered the studio of Prof. Salvatore Grita. Here is a group in plaster, representing a mother and her three children lying amidst broken beams and masonry. The figures are life-size and in most natural attitudes, their faces and limbs expressing their mortal suffering and fear. Nor are they without beauty of face and shape, especially the mother, who has evidently vainly striven to save her children. The design of this original and skilfully-arranged group is to show the effects of bombardment, and consequently the horrors of war. The especial scene represented is that of the attack upon Palermo in May, 1860, and it was the hope of the artist that it would be ordered by that city to be placed in one of the public squares. This daring sculptor was at work upon a statuette, dedicated, satirically, to the "Protectors and Sustainers of Vows contrary to Nature"—a poor, disgraced nun is sitting, outcast and helpless, by the road-

side. One of Prof. Grita's works received a medal at Vienna. It is now in marble in the exhibition-rooms of the Society for the Encouragement of Fine Arts, Via Colonna. The subject is a girl, blind from her birth, who is sitting, reading, with her flexile fingers, a book in raised characters. The face is noble, the abundant hair is simply coiled, the dress is an embroidered skirt and Garibaldi waist. Close by, another work by the same sculptor represents a little girl, seated in a childlike attitude, her chemise drooping on one shoulder, engrossed in reading, to the neglect of her crochet-work and scissors that hang from her side. It is not a new subject, but is well treated, and the child's face is intelligent and awakened.

In a building near the Società Artistica is the studio of Prof. Michele Gordigiani, the Florentine artist, so well known for his success in portrait-painting. He has recently sent to the United States the portraits of two beautiful American young ladies. His studio contains portraits of many personages of distinction. A little painting, ordered by Prince Demidoff, represents a page serving wine to a lady dressed for a ball. Another is a group of ladies and gentlemen, in the Louis XIV. dress, descending a flight of garden-steps, and coquetting *en route*.

Another distinguished Florentine artist is Prof. Michele Rapsardi, the author of one of the best paintings exhibited in the rooms of the Society for the Encouragement of Fine Arts. It is a Venetian scene, including a group of men, women, youths, and dogs, crowding around a guitar-player and an *improvisatore*, all costumed in the old Venetian dress, so picturesque and favourable to artistic effects.

In the same exposition are two paintings of merit, by a young Venetian girl of only twenty years, Antoinetta Brandeis. One represents a gondola floating in front of a Venetian palace in the moonlight; and the other, the greeting between a little child, holding the hand of her nurse, and a lady in a garden, the foliage of which, pierced by sunbeams, together with the effect of a church seen through the vista, showed much skill.

Venetian scenes are generally pleasing, and there was another good one in this exhibition, by Prof. Niccola Sanesi. The betrothed of the artist, Giorgione, is leaning over her balustrade, evidently longing to descend the steps of the palace and join her lover, Feltre, who, standing in a gondola, allures her with his music.

A study, that might easily have been *al vero*, was entitled 'In the Absence of the Painter.' A model, dressed in Louis XIV. costume, in a richly-furnished studio, has taken advantage of the artist's absence, to throw himself back in a carved chair, drink, smoke, and act out, to the best of his ability, the luxurious habits of the character he was representing. The painting is by Odoardo Borrani.

A work by Arnaldo Tamburini, of a priest in his wine-cellar, in the midst of casks, studying the label on a bottle through his eye-glass, was full of character; as well as another, a water-colour, by Giacomo Gandi, that might well be a continuation of the same story, as in this, 'The Curate's Kitchen,' a priest is seen coming up

from the cellar, bottle in hand, into his kitchen, where a woman is busy, cooking; the soup-tureen and other dishes are ready, while the cat and dog are anxiously regarding the process. It is the all-important moment before dinner.

In the ex-convent of the Sta. Croce Piazza, where is the quaint 'Last Supper' of Giotto, there was placed a large plan of the new façade for the Florence Duomo. It was visited by the Prince of Carignano and by crowds, who examined and discussed its merits. It seemed to be approved, and will very probably be accepted. Effective and elaborate as it is, with statues, arches, pinnacles, windows, and paintings, all these new façades seem as unlike the grand old architectures, to which they are affixed, as modern, flowery prefaces to Bacon's essays, or Chaucer's poems!

In a neighbouring studio, on Via Colonna, a painting by Alcide Segoni was exhibited, 'Michael Angelo receiving from Vittoria Colonna her Poems.' The figures are life-size. While the room, furniture, costumes, and attitudes, are vividly and well represented, the painter's hand was perhaps stiffened by the importance of his subject, and the faces do not seem living. While looking at it, it occurred to me that an artist who could paint so well, all except the human part, could be advantageously occupied in devising scenes historical, biographical, or contemporaneous, leaving the heads and hands to be filled in by some artist-friend, Prof. Gordigiani, for example, more fortunate in flesh-tints and expression. Another painting, in an adjoining room, by Pietro Torrini, showed us Michael Angelo again, when working on the Moses he was himself startled at the grandeur of the form.

But more interesting than all these works was a painting by Lorenzo Gelati, of Michael Angelo's residence, in Chiusi (near l'Alvernia). There are two simple stone-houses, and a ruined castle on a neighbouring cliff, the whole scene being grand in its desolation; a fitting abode, and one that must have had its effect upon the artist's mind.

In one of the magnificent saloons in the royal apartment of the Pitti Palace was exposed the 'Battle of San Martino,' by Norfini, a painting which, Meissonier remarked, "was sufficient to honour modern Italian art," and which the Prince of Carignano, who represented Victor Emmanuel on the occasion of the *fêtes*, admired so much, that he sent for the artist, Prof. Norfini, in order to congratulate him upon his work.

Almost the only one of the Florentine sculptors who has devoted himself assiduously to the preparation of works to be sent to the Philadelphia Exhibition, is Caroni. In his studio were several statues destined for this purpose. One of his works, the 'Genietto dell' Arte,' is a little genius, breaking the shell in which it had been hidden, and laughing at the light of the sun. May it be symbolic of the birth of a true Art, appropriate to the times, and skilful to express beauty as well as truth, weaving thus poetical conceptions around even the commonest, but not the least interesting, events of life!

C. L. WELLS.

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN THE TOWER.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE W. SHIRREFF, ESQ.

R. HILLINGFORD, Painter.

T. SHERRATT, Engraver.



THE career of the painter of this picture was sketched out, and some examples of his works were given, in our series of "British Artists," published in the *Art Journal* for 1871. In the picture here engraved he introduces us to an incident in the early life of the famous Queen Elizabeth, who, before she came to the throne, incurred the enmity of her sister and predecessor, Queen Mary, as much, perhaps, for her Protestant predilections as for the preference shown by the princess for her kinsman, Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devon, whom Mary, it is said, had some thoughts of marrying. The queen did not conceal her resentment, and under the pretext that her sister was in league with Wyatt's conspiracy to deprive her of the throne, orders were given to arrest the

princess, "quick or dead." Elizabeth was then residing at Ashridge, in Buckinghamshire, when a body of troops arrived to convey her to London: they found her ill and in bed, and, forcing their way into her chamber, told her that she must "prepare against the morning at nine of the clock, to go with them, declaring that they had brought with them the queen's litter for her." She was so ill, however, that it was not till the fourth night she reached Highgate, where she was forced to remain that night and the next day. On the 11th of March, 1554, Elizabeth was conveyed by water from Hampton Court to the Tower, the boat being nearly swamped in attempting to shoot London Bridge, where, till the erection of the present bridge, was a considerable fall of water. She at first refused to land at the stairs leading to the Traitors' Gate, but one of the noblemen with her said she should have no choice;